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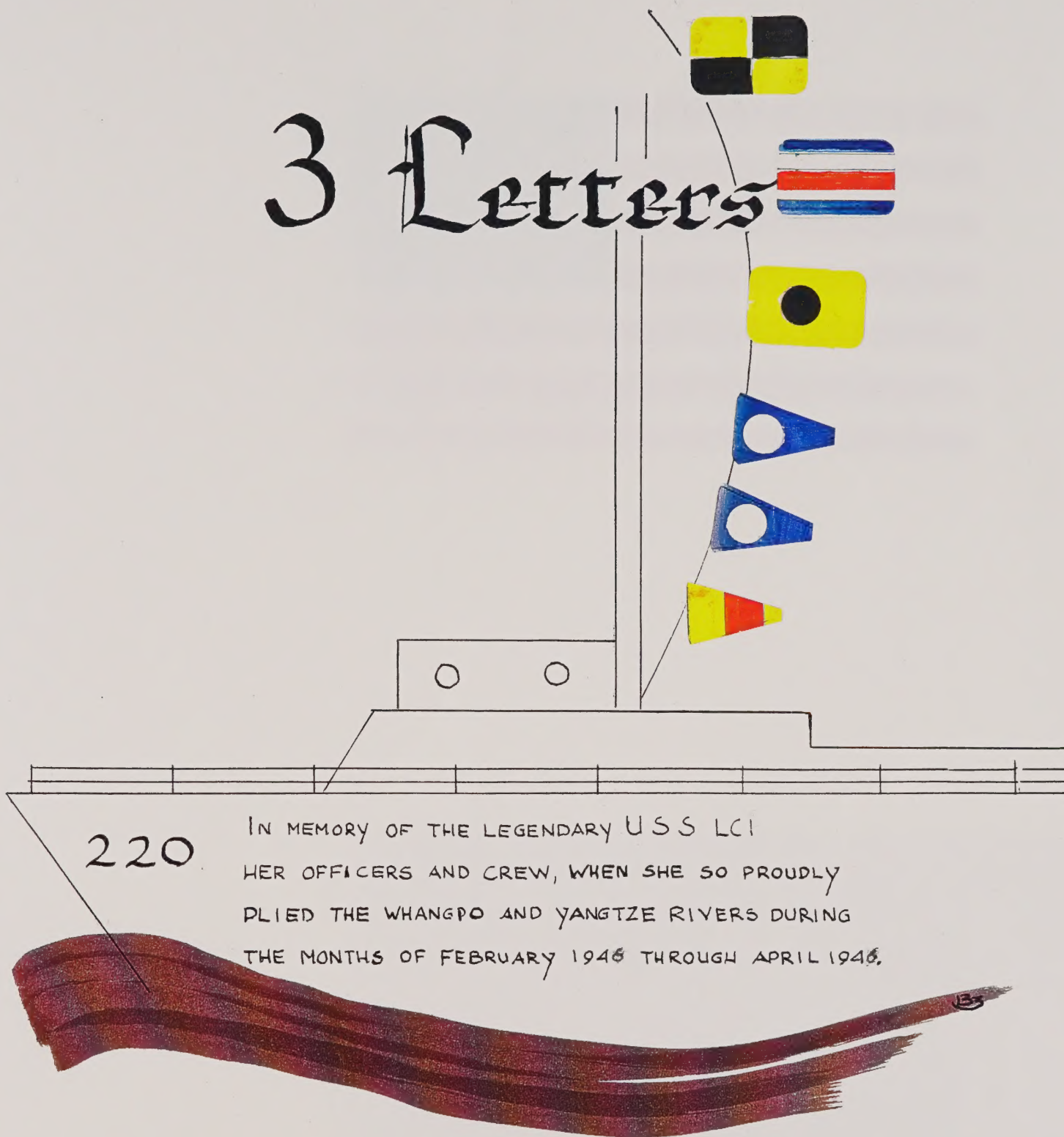
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3 Letters

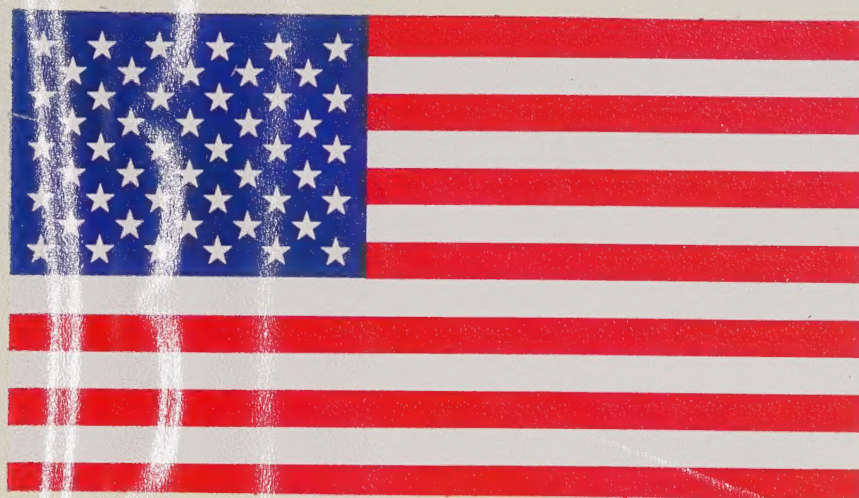


220

IN MEMORY OF THE LEGENDARY USS LCI
HER OFFICERS AND CREW, WHEN SHE SO PROUDLY
PLIED THE WHANGPO AND YANGTZE RIVERS DURING
THE MONTHS OF FEBRUARY 1946 THROUGH APRIL 1946.

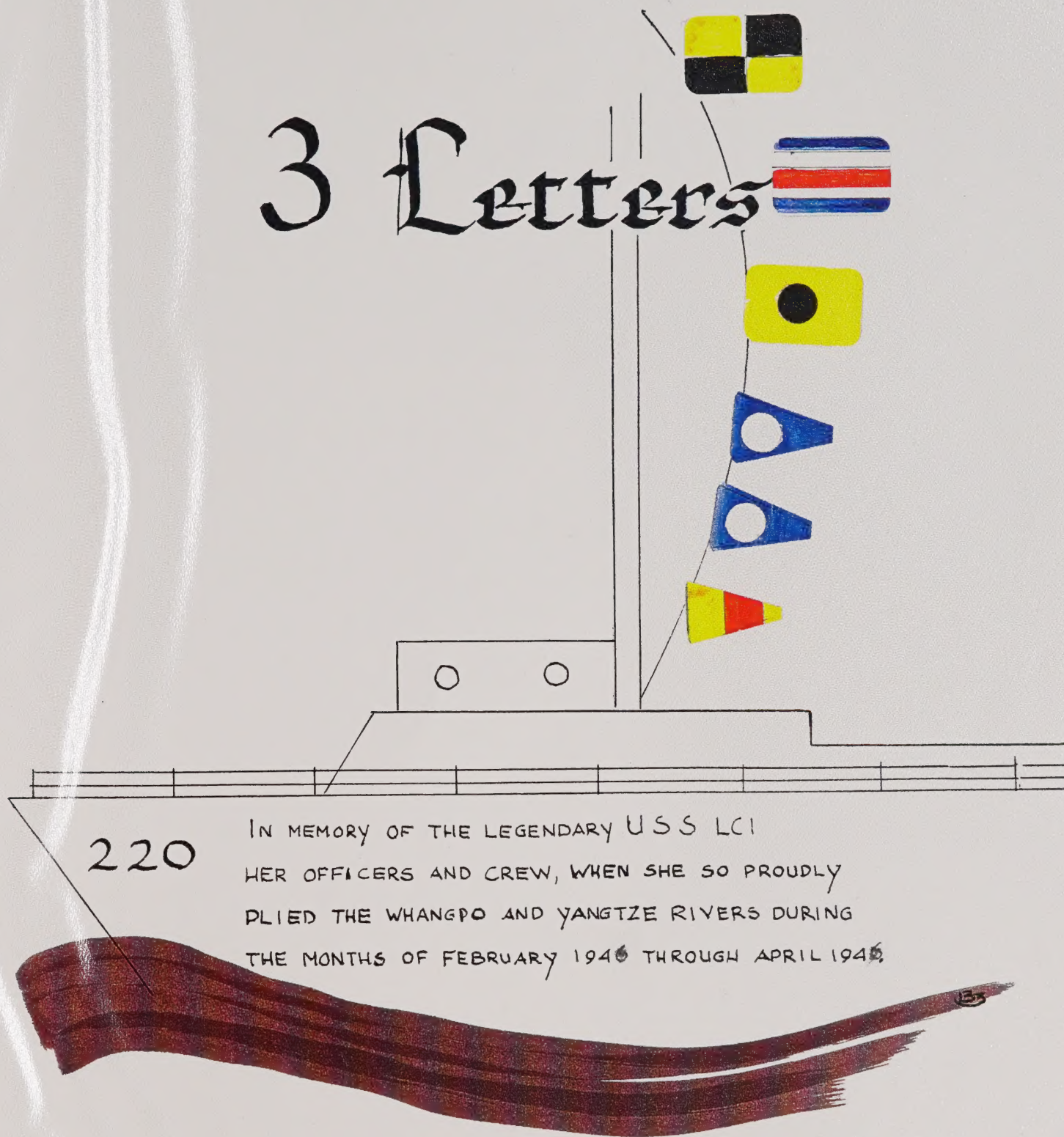
BY BODO (BUD) ZIMMERMANN
AN ADOPTED CREW MEMBER

CHAPTER 1 OF 3



11 JAN. 1946 WHANGPOO RIVER SHANGHAI CHINA

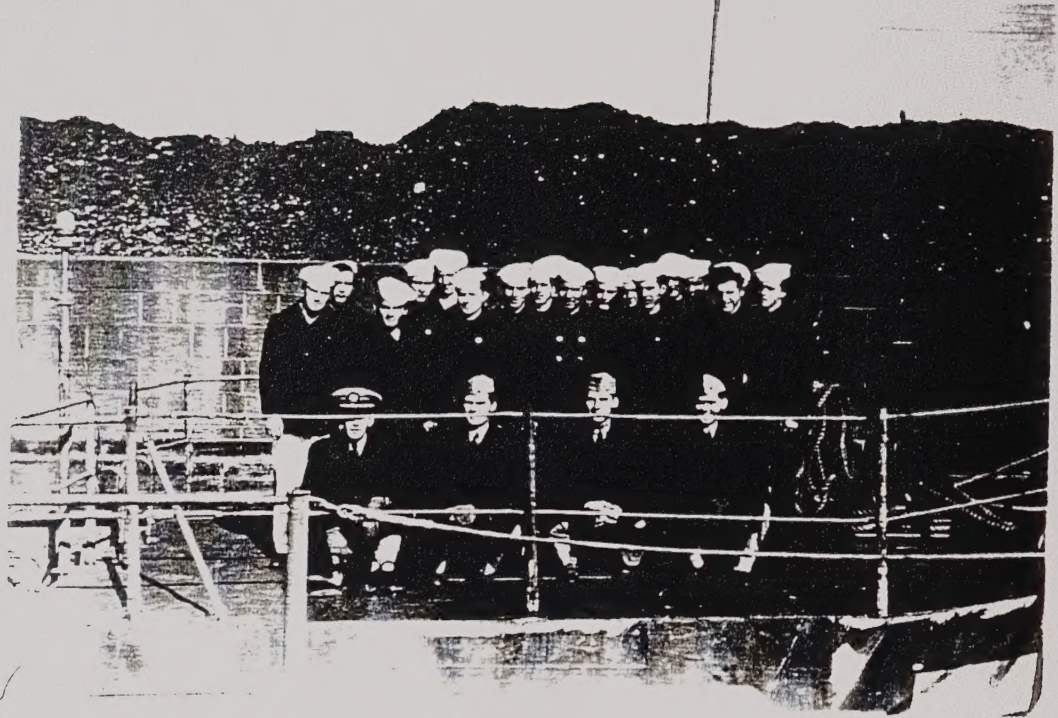
3 Letters



220

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HER OFFICERS AND CREW, WHEN SHE SO PROUDLY
PLIED THE WHANGPO AND YANGTZE RIVERS DURING
THE MONTHS OF FEBRUARY 1946 THROUGH APRIL 1946

BY BODO (BUD) ZIMMERMANN
AN ADOPTED CREW MEMBER



Bottom row Left to right:

Mr. Cleverdon, Mr. Black, Mr. Metzger, Mr. Gamble.

Upper row Left to right: *

Schaefer, Smith, Coburn, Pemberton, O'Flaherty,
Schally, Schneck, Brown, Hanskutt, Snow,
Hardy, Goadwell, Dablen, Clarry, Farquer.

* I may have applied wrong names to some
of the crew. I will be glad to make corrections.



Bodo (Bud) Zimmermann
at age 18

3-22-96

My dear Friend Pete:

It took me a little while to digest your telephone call of 3-19-96

What can I say? "Thank you" is not sufficient.

When I heard the voice asking "is this Bodo Zimmermann from Shanghai, China? This is Peter O'Flaherty", a dam of memories, which lay hidden for 50 years, broke loose. Even though those memories appeared to have been hidden they had a tremendous influence on my life and made me the fortunate person who I feel I am today.

I have to turn the clock back to February 1946
I was 17 years old. A good friend of mine, Willi, also a Stateless refugee worked as a baker on one of three LCIs which were tied up on the Pootung side of the Wangpoo river across from Shanghai. Anyway, Willi arranged for me to work on the LCI 220. I am still in touch with Willi who now makes his home in Chicago. I called him after I had received your call.

It seems like only yesterday when I hired a sampan to take me across the Wangpoo river to where the LCIs were supposedly tied up. I remember it was a very foggy morning and I was certain

that the sampan was going to collide with the larger boats which were plying the foggy river in every direction of the compass. I thought I would never find the LCI. It must have been approx. 0645 hrs. (I did not own a watch then). When I heard the muffled sound through the fog of Tommy Dorsey's "Opus 1" and suddenly, at this moment, three tremendous bows appeared from nowhere it seemed. It was a frightening experience for me on this little sampan.

I noticed the large number "220" on one of the bows and felt a great relief to have found the ship; but not a person was to be seen on deck, but someone had to be up because "Opus 1" was being played for the 2nd time.

So in my best school boy English I hollered: "Ahoy there 220". Nothing happened, except that "Opus 1" continued to play. I thought what a great Navy the U.S. Navy is, it plays dance music instead of martial music before breakfast. It was getting very cold on the sampan, so I collected my breath and once more hollered "Ahoy there 220" I already began to feel like an old sailor because I had some stronger vocabulary on my mind. However, I was prevented from using it as one of the hatches opened and someone appeared on deck with a steaming cup of coffee

in his hand. If my memory serves me correctly, I believe it was Farquer.

He asked what I wanted and I told him that I was to be the new baker on his ship whereupon he threw me a rope ladder over the side which I managed to climb to the deck without getting sea sick. Aboard the deck, he asked me about my gear? "What I am wearing is all I have" He shook his head and then disappeared back into ship.

After a while a few more sailors came on deck to say "Hi", but I had the feeling that they came just to look at me. I must have looked filthy - like someone who had just escaped from a Japanese prison camp - which was really not too far from the truth. As I stood there on the cold deck, I could not help but admire the sailors who had begun their various duties. Having lived in China during the war years I had never seen such immaculate cleanliness as I saw on those sailors, their T-shirts were the whitest white I had ever seen. The same applied to their squared white hats, their dungarees were spotless in spite of the fact that they were scraping the deck and doing touch-up paint work. And all this work was done in a ^{good} mood and in a happy spirit. I believe that during those moments of my observations,

I made up my mind that this is the type of person I will try to be for the rest of my life.

I believe it was Scott and Schaffer who asked me if I had eaten anything. They took me into the galley where they gave me some hot coffee and the most delicious coffeecake, I had not eaten anything this good since I came to Shanghai 6 years earlier.

However, it became quite obvious to me that I must have looked like a wild animal, unkempt among the sharp and spotless looking crew. I felt so embarrassed that I wished that the ship would split in two and I would be swallowed by the Wangpoo river. But nothing of the sort happened. Instead someone brought me two pairs of dungarees, T-shirts, shorts, socks, handkerchiefs, a pair of boots and toiletries. Scott took me to my hammock and showed me how to climb in and out of it. Also, someone gave me a dufflebag. Pete, after having had some food, a hot shower and dried myself with a snow-white towel I put on the clean and spotless work uniform I felt like a full fledged sailor. I looked at myself and did not recognize my reflection in the mirror. I felt that I had undergone a metamorphosis from which I never wanted to return. The following night I threw all my old and dirty

belongings with which I came aboard into the Wangpoo river.

Pete, I can't recall each day thereafter, but after having spent 6 years in total misery under Japanese occupation, each day, which I spent with all of you fellows (crew & officers included) on the LCI, was like a day spent in heaven.

I don't exactly recall when our friendship began, I think it was you who took me into the radio room and explained all the functions of the different equipments, which still would not make any sense to me today. You impressed me with your stories about your life at home, life in your High School, the dances you attended, even the illicit bottles of beer you shared with your buddies. You made Santa Rosa sound like the town where the Andy Hardy movies got their inspirations from, a town I wish I could live in, meet the dream of my life and raise a happy family among good friends. But life has other plans. You really took me under your wing. You taught me things that every seaman should know. For instance, the shadow pictures of enemy vessels and airplanes. I am glad that I was never put into the position to make a decision if I saw an enemy or friendly vessel, I think I would have shot first

and then looked at the shadow diagram. It amazed me to no end that you guys looked at these diagrams for a split second and always came up with the correct answer.

Above all, it was beyond me then, that the few young officers, Mr. Black, Mr. Cleverdon, Mr. Metzger, Mr. Gamble and Mr. Brennan with the help of the crew were able to navigate the LCI to Shanghai from some far away port in the U.S. I know today a 12 year old boy, with the right training, could probably do it by himself, but 50 years ago it was a mystery to me and only "Supermen" were able to do that. I was proud to have so many Supermen friends.

I believe it was in March of 1946 that part of the fleet received orders to ship hospital supplies up the Yangtze River to Chungking. Our LCI 220 was the lead ship followed by another LCI and two or three LSTs loaded with hospital supplies. There was also an American "Old China Hand" who, prior to being interned in a Japanese prison camp, was a river pilot on the Yangtze river. I never had the privilege of meeting this gentleman because he was quartered on either the second LCI or on one of the LSTs.

Apparently, the American river pilot had

US Navy Craft Return From Inland Voyage

Bud!

THIS ARTICLE
TAKEN FROM
CHINA PRESS
CINCH 1945

AFTER OUR
TRIP.

Having completed a 1,100 mile pioneering voyage up the Yangtse River to Hankow and back in what may be the forerunner of regular U.S. Navy amphibious runs up the Yangtse, the special U.S. Navy amphibious task group which transported badly needed UNRRA supplies to the famine-stricken inland provinces and brought back a load of vehicles for the New 6th and 71st Chinese Nationalist armies lay at rest at its berths in Shanghai yesterday.

Commander G. E. Artz, USN, and experienced Captain Asquith, who commanded the task group, are on board the U.S.S. Mount Olympus, preparing to make his official report to Rear Admiral J. Rodgers, commander of the 7th Fleet's amphibious forces.

"It was supposed to be a tough job to make," said Commander Artz, "the river is unusually low this year, and we didn't know exactly what we'd run into. As we sailed by we noticed that even river boats of 6 and 8 feet draft were not running, but we had no particular difficulty. In fact, the rocks on the river were so thick you might almost say they constituted the chief menace to navigation."

Four Ships In Group

The group consisting of four ships, LCI 517, LCI 514, LCI 220, and LSM 155, loaded 860,000 pounds of UNRRA food, medical supplies and clothing at Shanghai, and set sail up the Yangtse on February 21. The purpose of the mission was threefold—to transport supplies to Hankow, Yoyang, and Changsha; to bring back vehicles of the New 6th and 71st Armies; and to survey the river to determine the feasibility of future U.S. Navy

trips up the Yangtse. The group made its way up the winding, shifting channels against a strong five knot current, and on February 22nd anchored at Nanking. It took four more days to work up the river to Hankow, which was reached on February 26. At Hankow, the river was almost at its lowest point since 1901, so it was decided not to proceed to Yoyang and Changsha, but to unload all the supplies at Hankow.

Despite the lack of proper facilities, this was quickly done, and the vehicles for the return trip were loaded on the same day, from pontoons up makeshift wooden ramps. LCI 514 and LCI 517, built to carry infantry in amphibious assaults, each carried three jeeps and two weapon carriers. The voyage back to Shanghai also was made without incident, the U.S. Navy crews, 580 miles from the sea, busily engaged in taking snapshots of the picturesque scenery along the way. Two weeks after they had first set sail, the group once again anchored in the Whangpoo, its trail-blazing journey completed, and its errand of mercy successfully accomplished.

advised the "Navy Brass" in Shanghai, that due to the very strong currents near Chungking at this time of the year, it would be more than foolhardy to take the ships upriver. Apparently his logical suggestion was over-ridden and we were on our trip up the Yangtze.

We were warned to expect Japanese military resistance because some military units were not aware that Japan had surrendered. So I underwent some weapon training. I believe you showed me how to feed ammo belts into anti-aircraft guns, the rest of the crew showed me how to handle M-1, machine guns, BARs and other weapons. Here I was a foreigner of German descent no less (But one who hated Germans more, for sad reasons, than any American could at that time) and yet you trusted me and taught me how to handle all of these weapons. My esteem for the crew and the officers grew greater day by day. However, as it turned out halfway up the Yangtze to Chungking, we received orders not to continue further up the Yangtze but to unload the hospital supplies in Anking from where it will be transported by train to Chungking. (into the pockets of corrupt officials of Chiang Kai Shek's government. My words)

The trip from Anking back to Shanghai took us along one of the most beautiful shores along the Yangtze river with pagodas built on top of high steep rocks. Maybe some of our crew took photographs of these scenic spots or perhaps everybody had enough of China by then.

It was not too long after that, that we left the Yangtze river and turned into the Wangpoo river which took us back to the lively city of Shanghai. Within a few days the crew of the LCI 220 started making happy and exhilarating preparations for their returns to their homes in various parts of the States.

I felt very lonely, there was no beautiful small town that I could boast about like your town of Santa Rosa in California of which you talked about so often.

I cried my heart out when you fellows left and I knew then that I will never find such true friendship ever again.

Pete thank you for trying to locate me. I am now playing "Opus 1" not only in your honor but also in honor of everyone on the LCI 220.

Your friend Bodo

My dear Friend Pete:

I was going to tell you about my current health condition but such topics are for older folks only. The only reason this thought occurred to me is, that perhaps after the middle of next month you and your wife and my friend Jane and I could take a walk around Pine Lake and then have breakfast at Baker's Square. Think about it.

I find myself under some pressure to do something for my son Allen to let him know who he is and what his background is. So I just finished a beautiful (so my friends say) hand-painted Family Tree of the Zimmermann Family.

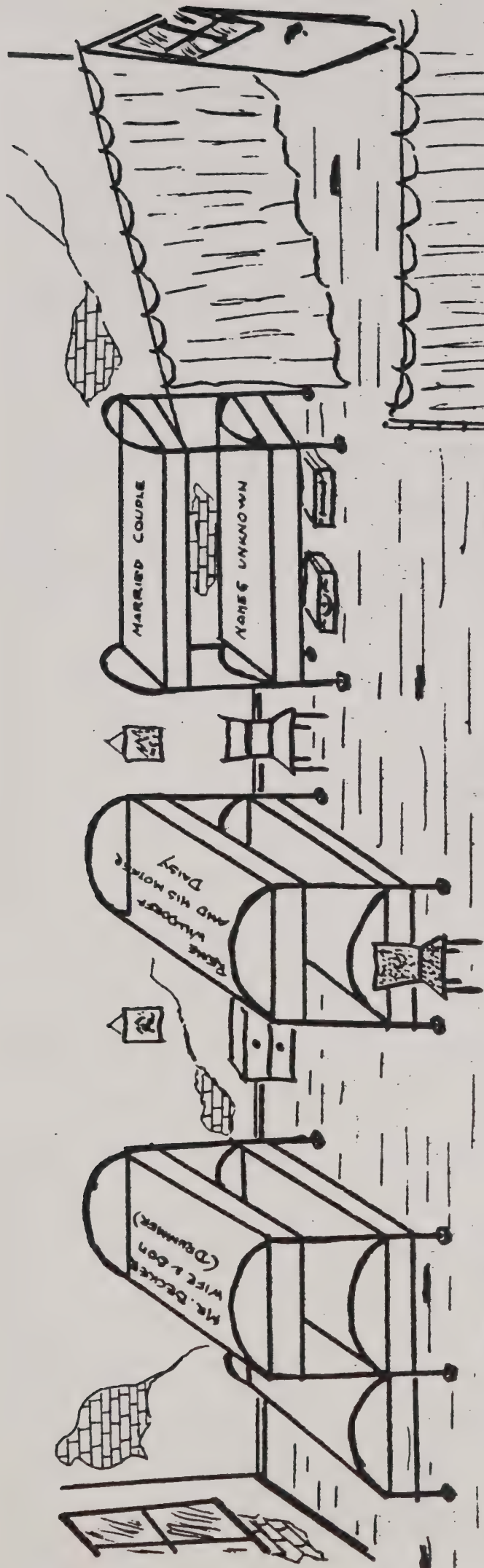
And due to your recent contact with me I decided to share my life's memories with you and also with Allen who is now 41 years old. Allen is well educated and of quick intelligence (must take after his mother). He has a good sense of humor and has become a very successful sales account mgr. In addition he is a great sportsman. Skiing, windsurfing, mountain biking and he plays the guitar excellently. He is a very likeable young man.

My memories are not too well organized, so my thoughts may jump from one period in

time to another period but hopefully it will all make some sense in the end.

There was one thing in my last letter which was most embarrassing for me to respond to at that time. You and many of the crew asked me questions about my life in Shanghai and also about my parents' life during the Japanese occupation. I could feel that you wanted to meet my parents, be invited and see how we lived. Peter, I could not think of any thing worse than you, or anyone else from our crew, seeing the coolie-like conditions that I shared with my family. 19 adults lived in a former classroom about 15' X 20', no hot running water, no heat in the winter or air conditioning in the summer when the heat reached 110°F and the humidity 95%+. We were surrounded by hunger and incurable tropical diseases. We had to use wooden pots to carry off the night soil the next morning. These were certainly not ideal circumstances for a tea party for the officers and the crew of the LCI 220 or any other U.S. Navy ship.

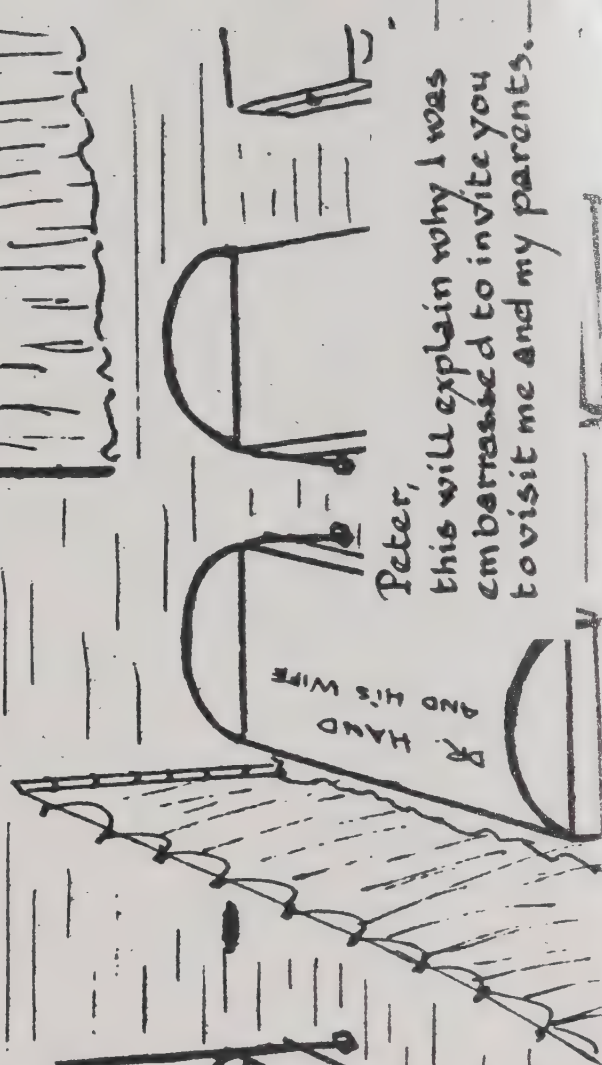
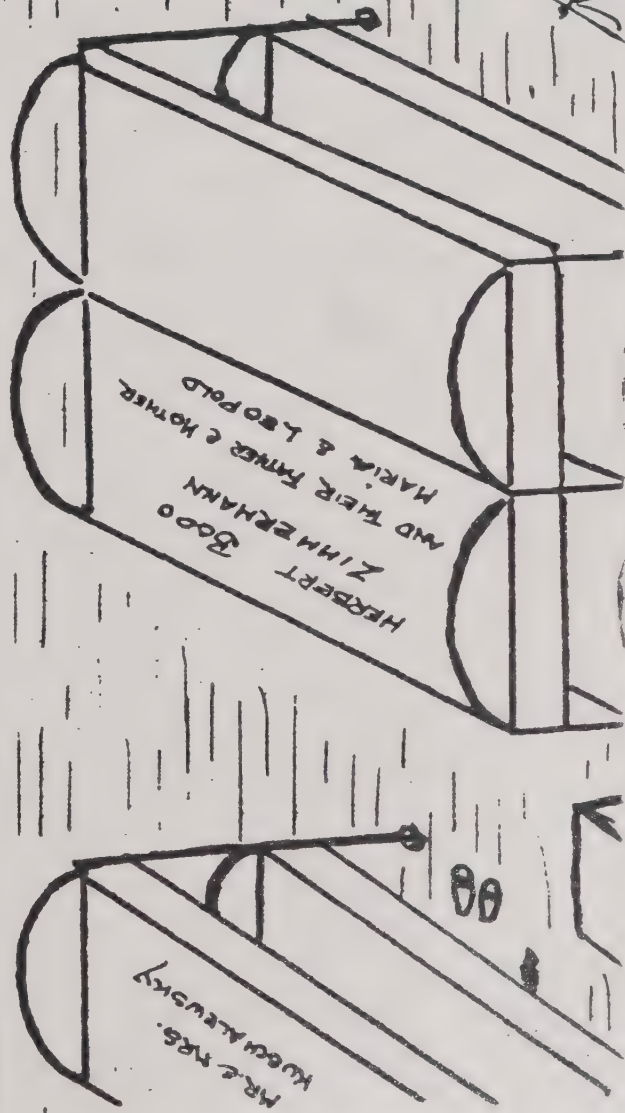
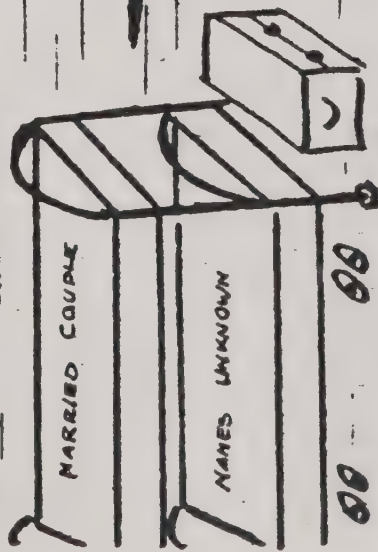
Peter, I truly wished that conditions would have been such that my parents could have given you tea parties which you all so richly deserved. Peter, you would have loved and adored both my



Ward Road Camp Shanghai China 1942 - 1945

FILM HORRIBLE MEMORY

8-96



Peter,
this will explain why I was
embarrassed to invite you
to visit me and my parents.

Father and mother. My Father was a very well educated gentleman, he was very artistic and well read, he played the piano extremely well not only classical music but also, unacceptable at that time, ragtime music.

My mother was a very aristocratic lady who knew how to give successful teaparties and who in addition had an unbelievable honorable business acumen. In spite of the many unbearable hardships they experienced, they always encouraged friends and tried, mostly successfully, to bring laughter into their lives.

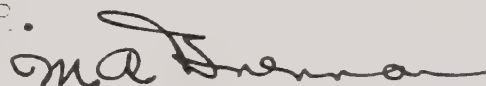
When you fellows left Shanghai sometime in April, 1946. Mr. Brennan wrote a glowing recommendation as to my ability as a baker and to my character and encouraged any American ship in need of a baker, to hire me. This recommendation, which I still have in my possession, worked wonders. 2 months later I was hired on an American merchant vessel "MV Check Knot" as a second cook and baker at the unbelievable pay of over \$ 300⁰⁰/_{xx} per month; besides there were other remunerations \$ 50⁰⁰/_{xx} per month for being overseas, additional payments for being in a danger zone (I could not understand this the war had been over for practically 10 month) and extra pay for carrying military materiel.

USS L61(G) 220
C/O FLEET POST OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

19 APRIL, 1946

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, THAT BODO ZIMMERMANN HAS SERVED ABOARD THIS VESSEL AS BAKER FOR THE PAST THREE MONTHS CONTINUOUSLY. HIS CONDUCT HAS BEEN HIGHLY COMMENDABLE. HIS BAKING IS EXTRAORDINARY. HE IS HONEST; HE IS MOST CONSCIENTIOUS AND INDUSTRIOUS. HIS WORK REFLECTS AFORETHOUGHT AND NEATNESS; HIS UTMOST DESIRE IS TO PLEASE.

I HEREBY RECOMMEND ZIMMERMANN FOR ANY AMERICAN SHIP WHO IS IN NEED OF A BAKER.



M. A. BRENNAN, ENSIGN, USNR

I thought this was fine and dandy for the American sailors but I did not think that my pay would be anywhere close to that amount, after all, I was a Foreigner and would have been happy with the \$30.⁰⁰ I earned on the LCI. But my education in American Economics had only begun.

On the first Saturday that I was on the ship the Chief Steward came by and handed me a card with all kinds of small print on it and pointed out to put "4 hrs OT" into that column, which I did, because with my upbringing^{ing} you don't question authority. The next day was Sunday, I did all my duties, the crew had Danish pastries for breakfast, French rolls for lunch and while I was preparing éclairs for dinner, the Chief Steward came by with the same card and asked me to put "8 hrs OT" on it which I dutifully did and which he initialled. I had no idea what "hrs." or "OT" stood for. During the following week I had a few more opportunities to add a few more numbers and the mysterious letters onto this card.

I finally gathered enough gumption when I caught the Chief Cook reading a book with a very scantily dressed girl on the cover I was sure it was a cook-book. I excused myself for interrupting him and asked him what those numbers and mysterious letters on the card meant. "It means on Satur//

days we get 4 hours overtime, Sundays 8 hours overtime and for special jobs like cleaning cold-storage or vegetable holds you get a specific amount of overtime no matter how long the job takes. It all sounded very reasonable and organized. The only problem was that in any English literature I had read I had never run across the word "OVERTIME" also I could not find this in my little dictionary. I had read in one of the magazines about short time but I could not see any connection to overtime.

A few weeks later, over a bottle of beer, I asked the Chief Cook to explain what the word overtime really means. He looked at me as if I had just escaped from a loony bin, but he took pity on me and in a fatherly manner explained the mathematical symbol "OT".

I thought this whole idea of overtime was idiotic. After all we were all on the ship anyway with no place to go to, there was no "OT" on the LCI and everything worked well. So why not use the same system in the Merchant Marine. I am surprised that I was not keel-hauled with such subversive ideas. Anyway, this was my introduction to American Economics 101. Not a bad system if there is enough work for everybody.

Life was quite interesting on this ship but not as exciting as on the LCI. We carried a lot of military materiel from Japan to Korea. The more we carried the more money we were paid.

My simple mind could not understand. The war had been over for practically 10 months, all this killing machinery should have been melted down or dumped into the deepest part of the ocean. But political science was another subject I did not know anything about and therefore did not know that the Koreans had the devious plan of someday soon, maybe already in 1951 of overrunning the United States. (With our own ammunition; my thoughts.)

Anyway, one day we pulled into the small port of Inchon and there lay the "LCI 220" at anchor. As soon as feasible, I rushed over to see some of my old friends and came back to reality. I was met by strange sailors who, until I told them, had no idea that only a few months earlier the crew of the "LCI 220", under the threat of Japanese reprisals made night deliveries of medicine and medical supplies to the beleaguered Chinese National Troops and escaped before the Japanese were able to detect the "LCI". I left them mesmerized and then returned to my ship the "Check Knot".

We made a few trips between Yokohama and Inchon and then our ship the "Check Knot" was overhauled in Yokohama. It took about 4 weeks to complete the job. Our crew of 29 men had to stand a few watches, and when not aboard, we had to alert the deck officer at which tea-house we could be found.

Like most young sailors I fell in love with an attractive young girl who together with her younger sister owned a beautifully maintained Japanese house with a rock garden and a Koi pond. Their parents were killed and there was about \$1,000.⁰⁰ due to pay off the mortgage. I don't know if this was a scam or if it was true. The money was no problem for me, but I had no wish to live with the former enemies, and I wanted to get away from the orient as far and as fast as possible.

The "Check Knot" prepared to return to San Francisco to be de-commissioned there. I told my captain that I was sailing with identification papers which had expired in 1942. He told me not to worry. We arrived in S.F. during a seamen's strike in August 1946. I was paid off with a small fortune of which I immediately sent \$2,500.⁰⁰ to my parents in Shanghai. I was certain with the kind of money the sailors were earning, the strike would not last more than 2 weeks. It lasted 8 months. It was the beginning of the end of

our once glorious Merchant Fleet.

I will try to cut short a story which, through bureaucratic stupidity, became a long and very complicated farce.

Since I was a foreign seaman of German extraction without valid identification papers, the U.S. government wanted to deport me to Germany - the last place in the world I wanted to see. Applications were made to Washington, DC for a permit to allow me to return to Shanghai to be with my parents. This was turned down. I was doomed to go back to Germany. I wrote to my father about my terrible situation.

It was also during that time that I came to visit you and spent the weekend at your family's house on Humboldt street. Santa Rosa was even more beautiful than you had described it to me back in Shanghai. Today, 50 years later, it still has not lost any of its charms. I spread the story of your parent's hospitality and the story of the church which was built from ^{the lumber of} one red wood tree to wherever I travelled. Janie and I visited this church about 6 months ago but unfortunately it was closed. By the way Janie was also one of the many Santa Rosans who do not know of its existence.

When I came back to S.F. from my wonderful week-end in Santa Rosa there was a letter from my father waiting for me it contained a one page identification paper issued by the U.N.R.R.A. United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. It had a picture of myself attached and various statements of where I was born, etc. The paper was signed by my father. It has various official stamps and the important statement: "This document is recognized as a certificate of identity in lieu of a passport". What Washington, DC and some high paid Lawyers were not able to accomplish during 4 months; my father did it in two weeks without paying any fees. I still have the document in my possession. Peter, my education continues!

Since the West Coast Seamen's Strike was still going strong I hired myself on a Norwegian freighter the "MV Vingnes". Again, thanks to the recommendation by Mr. Brennan, I was picked for the job as second cook & baker. I must say something about the Scandinavian merchant ships of that time. They were designed to carry freight and there was no space for the crew who had their narrow wooden bunks along both insides of the bow. Fortunately, the cook and baker rated officers quarters, midship. We left S.F. and sailed for San Pedro, CA.

UNITED NATIONS
RELIEF AND REHABILITATION ADMINISTRATION

CHINA OFFICE
235 Nanking Road
Shanghai

DATE ISSUED

April 4th 1947

CERTIFICATE OF IDENTITY

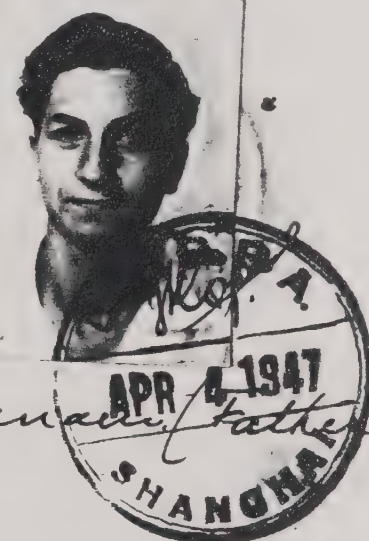
I, **Bodo ZIMMERMANN** declare that I am a refugee and
hold a **German "J"**
Passport, which was No. **II/556/40/Z** and issued at
Berlin, on May 3rd 1940.

Further, I declare that I was born at **Berlin**
on **March 20th 1928** and am of **German** nationality
and that my description follows:-

Height **5'10"** Complexion **Fair**
Color of Hair **Brown** Color of Eyes **Brown**
Other Identifying Marks **None**

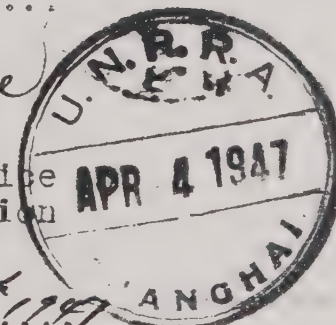
REMARKS: **Leopold ZIMMERMANN authorized by UNRRA to act
for his son Bodo ZIMMERMANN.**

Signed *Leopold Zimmermann*
(Signature of Holder)



This is to certify that the above, whose photo we have attached
hereto, and who answers the above description, is a bona fide
refugee, registered in this Office under No. **201338**

Thomas Pym Cole
Thomas Pym Cole
Director
Repatriation Branch Office
Displaced Persons Division



NO. **719**

DATE **April 1st 1947**

This document is recognized as a

CERTIFICATE OF IDENTITY IN LIEU OF PASSPORT

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
Shanghai Office

We were taking on cargo in San Pedro and then returned to SF to take on more cargo and where the Immigration picked me off the ship and interrogated me "Why did you return to the US?" I told them if I had wanted to stay here, I could have easily jumped ship in San Pedro. (they probably didn't know where this place is located) After 5 hrs. they took me back to the ship and made me promise not to go ashore while the ship was in the U.S.. Anyway we took on more cargo in Portland, OR, mainly Lumber, and more Lumber in Vancouver, Canada. From there we headed to Takubar the port of Tsingtao and then to Shanghai where I signed off.

Homecoming, after a long absence, is generally a happy event for a few days for any traveller. For me, stepping ashore, was the most sickening and depressing feeling I had ever experienced. I wanted to die right there and then. But the sight of the filthy Wangpoo and its mortifying stink delayed my decision.

A distant relative whom I met in San Francisco sent me an affidavit and after about a year's absence from California I returned as a bonafide refugee to San Francisco. Life had a purpose again. Since I was familiar with San Francisco I immediately bought a local paper and under the help-wanted ads

was an ad for a full fledged baker at the Carmel Bakery; after talking to the owner Otto Miller about my bakery experiences and the recommendations I have to back up my statements, he hired me right over the phone. It was a very good job with good money and room and board. I worked hard, but that had never bothered me. I found a very attractive girlfriend but religion entered causing our friendship to have a catastrophic ending. (This is another story.)

After working about 3 months at the Carmel Bakery, one of the sales ladies called me and told me that there were two Immigration officials who wanted to talk with me. I said please send them up to my room.

They came in. One of the characters pulled his pistol out of his holster and told me: "we don't need any more f..... communists in this country - look at the lousy communist literature you have on your bookshelves" The only books I had were books my girlfriend had given me to help me learn about our president, the civil war and U.S. history. By this time I was not so bashful any longer. I looked this nitwit straight in the eye and told him if he considers this communist literature, then he better turn in his uniform or go to elementary school and learn to read. I believe I threw this guy off balance. His companion told him

to put the pistol back in its holster and shut up. The reason for their visit was to advise me when deportation orders were issued directing my return to Germany; I deported myself, at no expense to the U.S. Government, and returned to Shanghai. Because of the deportation order, by existing laws, I had to stay away from the U.S. for 12 months before being allowed to re-enter the country as a bona fide immigrant. (A detail that no one had ever told me about.) I was away from the country for 11 months and 26 days. I had to leave the country again for 24 hrs. I took a Greyhound bus to Vancouver, Canada paid my \$10⁰⁰ head tax at the U.S. Consulate and took the next bus back to Blaine, Washington and arrived there on November 15th, 1949 to begin my life as a future citizen of the U.S.

3-28-96

Peter, I hope that you are not tired of reading these episodes, if not, I am going to send you one more letter after this one.

It was great talking with you over the phone today I am looking forward to receiving the mail you will send me in the next few days.

Your friend
Boda

3-30-96

My dear Friend Pete:

With the heavy correspondence between S.F. and Santa Rosa, the U.S. Postal Service must Finally begin to make some money.

I returned to my job and my girlfriend in Carmel whom I wanted very much to marry. However, this opened my eyes to theological philosophies. I don't want to bother you with the many details of this sad story. My parents, relatives, the priest and the church did their utmost to prevent this marriage between a Catholic girl and a Jewish boy who were both very much in love with each other. The only sensible person at that time was my boss Otto Miller who told me: "Bud I understand your parents feelings after what they had experienced during the 2nd war; but you have chosen to live here and as Americans we think for ourselves and make our own decisions, that's all I can tell you. It is up to you."

I was too much under the influence of my parents. Besides the Korean war was starting. So I married a very nice Jewish girl and everybody was happy (except me, I was happy at times.) I was drafted into the Army and since I am fluent in reading and writing German I was shipped to Germany. While thousands of Americans, South & North Koreans plus Chinese soldiers were killed and maimed on

the other side of the world. I was very lucky, I returned to S.F. with all my limbs and faculties intact. My boy Allen was born in 1955 and my daughter Audrey in 1960.

In 1953 after returning from the service, I attended and graduated from the American Institute of Baking which eventually, after working in private industry, landed me a high ranking GS-12 position with the military operating all the PX bakeries in Japan and Korea.

Before leaving for the Far East, I caught Allen marching with a group of Viet Nam war protestors. I pulled him out of this group, chewed him out and slapped his face for expressing his honest thoughts. I feel terrible for what I had done to Allen, because a few weeks later I saw our boys flown in from the battles with their shoulders blown off, arms and legs missing, heads bandaged with damage to their sight and hearing probably. Not only did this happen to our boys but also to the Viet Nameese who did not want to be controlled by foreign governments. I strongly believed if the French forces could not control Dien Bien Phieu we had no business picking up the dirty end of the stick and try to control Viet Nam. But apparently I lacked the education of Psychological Warfare. (Allen, my deepest apologies) It was around 1967 when I received orders to go to

Viet Nam and construct a bakery there. I refused to do it. I have experienced enough war. My contract with the military was strictly for the Japan/Korea Region and I based all my arguments on my contract. No one in our organization made any attempts to help me with my problem. I was like a hot piece of coal in their hands. It was a real struggle for me. Even though I was a civilian I feel a very strong loyalty to our flag but I have also clearly learned to question authority. I insisted on my rights not to break the contract except by direct order of the President of the United States. (Fortunately he had more pressing matters to attend to.) When I completed my contract my family and I were shipped back to the U.S. on a luxury liner, first class and Allen had his own cabin, also first class. How is this for logic?

I was glad to be back in S.F. There was a minor problem with the doctor who had leased my house while we lived in Japan, but I had become quite good at solving differences. I very quickly found a job in research and development with the Vacu dry Co. who had their offices in the S.F. bay area and their processing plant in Sebastopol approx. 15 miles west of Santa Rosa, CA. Something kept pulling back to Santa Rosa.

less

It took less than a year when I was placed into their sales dept. Peter, I had never sold anything in my whole life. This company's total sales in 1968, when I started there, amounted to approx. 3 million dollars. 22 years later my boss and I had built up this business to \$28 million plus of which I was responsible for \$18 million in sales.

However, it was a very difficult and very stressful job it kept me away from home about 50% of my time. In 1984, I lost my daughter Audrey who took her life at 24; but pressure to increase sales continued. I retired as vice president of sales in 1990 and four years later my wife Helen died of cancer of the colon.

I try to stay in good healthy shape, I exercise religiously. I have a very lovely and sweet lady friend in Windsor and during good windy weather I go kayaking on Sonoma Lake. Even though I own my house together with Allen in S.F. (Allen owns and lives in his own home in San Mateo). My life has more or less been centered in Santa Rosa.

Peter, since I started this story as a young man of 17 years in Shanghai, China. I owe you a brief explanation of what brought me to this city by the Wangpoo river.

I was born in Berlin, Germany on 3-20-28 at the time when Adolf Hitler ascended to power. My parents had, over many years, built up an extremely successful small department store in Nauen, a suburb of Berlin. I had a sister 15 years older and a brother who was 10 years older than I. Both of them benefited very much from my, at that time, wealthy parents. They received an excellent education at private schools, went on wonderful world trips with my parents. However, in 1936 when I was 8 years old, things changed overnight. Nazi officials came into my father's office with government orders and confiscated the business, the inventory and my father's house. We had to leave the town within 5 days. The business and property was given to a Nazi official as a reward for some glorious work he did for the invincible 3rd Reich. My father learned, after the 2nd war was over, this Nazi and his family committed suicide.

My father was still a very wealthy person even after his business had been confiscated. Through his old business connections, he purchased 20-500 cu.ft. containers of merchandise which he shipped to Shanghai, China. There were restrictions which prohibited the transfers

of money out of Germany, but these restrictions apparently did not apply to merchandise. With the remaining money he purchased passage for our family (my sister, her husband and their son left for Shanghai a year earlier in 1939) from Berlin, through Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Mongolia, Manchuria to China. We left Berlin on May 19th, 1940 wearing winter clothes because the trip took us through cold Siberia. We arrived with the same clothing in the scorching humid tropical heat in Shanghai in the middle of June 1940. In addition we had only US\$ 30.00 between us to start out a new life in a totally strange country. 2 months later my Father learned that his shipment of merchandise had been confiscated by the Germans in neutral Switzerland. Our misery really started. I quit school at 13 and became an apprentice in a pastry shop because there was always something to eat there. Working hours were long from 4 pm until 6 am, 7 days a week except on a few holidays when we could thank someone for the blessings we received. My sister and brother died of malnutrition and T.B. I nearly died of Beri-Beri, pneumonia and typhoid fever. After the war, I settled by myself in California. My parents stayed in Shanghai until 1950 and then returned to Germany where they lived for another 20 years.

Peter, it is with tears in my eyes and a heavy feeling of sorrow in my heart when I think of the three months from February 1946 to April 1946.

Thanks to the officers and the crew of the "LCI 220" who have shown and shared their friendship with me and who had brought hope and determination into my life when there was no more hope.

Thank you all I am indebted to you forever.

Your friend
Bado Zimmerman

P.S. Pete, there are probably a few spelling mistakes in my three letters to you. I apologize, I am really a very good speller but I had to write these letters very fast and I may have become a little careless. I felt it was necessary to get my thoughts quickly onto paper as one does not know what the next day has in store for you

Bado

San Francisco 3-30-96

Serial No. G3131448

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD Certificate of Discharge

Bodo Zimmerman
(Signature of Seaman)

Aug 26 1946
(Date of Vessel)

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above entries were made by me and are correct and that the signatures hereto were witnessed by me.

Dated this 26 day of Aug 19 46
Bodo Zimmerman
United States Shipping Commissioner
(or Master of Vessel)

NOTE - Whenever a master performs the duties of the shipping commissioner under this act, the master shall sign the certification on the line designated for the shipping commissioner's signature.

Name of Seaman Bodo Zimmerman
(In full)
Citizenship Stateless Certificate of Identification No. Z
Rating 2nd CP. & Baker
(Capacity in which employed)
Date of Shipment April 1 26. 1946
Place of Shipment Shanghai, China
Date of Discharge 8/22/46
Date of Discharge 8/22/46
Ship N/V Check Knot
Class of Vessel Motor
(Steam, Motor, Sail or Barge)
Nature of Voyage Foreign
(Foreign, Intercostal or Coastwise)



Hyrekontrakt.

Undertegnede Kapt
som fører av M/s. Vingnes
hjemmehørende i Oslo
av reg. t. br. og med maskine på ind. hk.¹⁾
og Bodo Zimmermann
født den 20/3 1928 i Berlin
og nu hjemmehørende (boende) i Tyskland
har inngått følgende kontrakt:

1. Den forbyrte skal tjenstgjøre som 2. kokk
ombord i fartøiet, med de forpliktelser og rettigheter
som er bestemt i norsk lovgivning.

2. forbyringen skal gjelde²⁾:

a) for skibets reise fra U. S. A. og videre.
b) for et tidsrum av c) inntil avmønstring,
som kun kan finne sted i U.S.A.-Norge d) inntil
videre med en gjensidig opsigelsesfrist av 7 Dage

3. Tjenesten skal tiltrides ombord den kl.

Reise til skibet fra forhyringstødetet tiltrides den ?) —

¹⁾ Maskinens størrelse inføres kun hvor maskinen er hovedfremdriftsmiddel. ²⁾ Stryk det som ikke passer.

4. Hyren erlegges med¹⁾ a) Tarriff pr måned regnet fra og
med APR 28 1947 for hele

reisen som forutsettes å ville medta en tid av

Avtalt trekk som utbetales første gang

den Forskudd

5. Overtidbetaling (forsåvidt angår fartøi som ikke inngår under
lov om arbeidstiden ombord av 10. mars 1939)

erlegges ned pr. time.

6. At tvist om denne kontrakts rette forståelse foreløbig
skal avgjøres av norsk konsul og ikke i utlandet kunne
innbringes for nogen utenlandsk myndighet.

San Francisco den APR 28 1947

Bodo Zimmermann

Det bekreftes, at ovenstående kontrakt i mitt næver er oplest og
vedtatt, efterat sjømannen av mig er blitt spurt om der ved den foreløbige
hyreavtale er gitt ham noget tilsagn eller løfte som ikke ham fått uttrykk
i kontrakten.



Det norske konsulat i San Francisco
Mønstringstødet Kapt Vingnes

¹⁾ Stryk det som ikke passer.

My Norwegian Seaman's Paper



Peter O'Flaherty

and
50 years later
in 1996



Mr. Anthony Black
Executive Officer



Bud Zimmermann
and his dear Frier
Jane Carranza



To my friend

BODO ZIMMERMAN

a courageous, committed man
who served in World War II China
during the Japanese Occupation
under the most adverse of conditions,
this plaque is humbly bestowed.

As a baker par excellence
and as an invaluable member of the
crew of the USS L.C.I. #220,
your resilience and indomitable
spirit is recognized.

Through a mutual good friend,
Peter O'Flaherty,
our friendship has been restored
after 50 years!

May it be long lasting.

Anthony R. Black





and 52 years later
in Sept. 1998

Mr. Wallace Gamble
Captain, U.S.N. LCI 220

visiting Peter & Bud
in San Francisco.





Wallace Gamble Peter O'Flaherty
Bud Zimmermann

LIFE



LANDING CRAFT, INFANTRY

MARCH 27, 1944

10

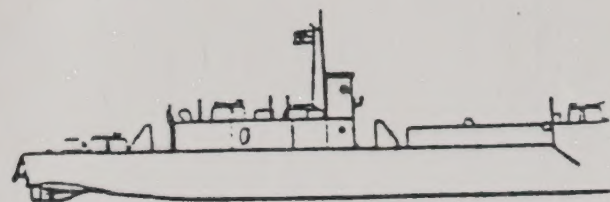
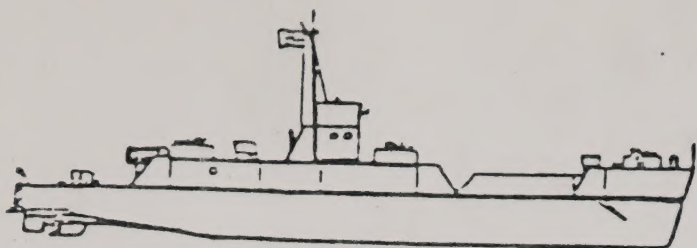
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**WORLD
WAR
II
BATTLE
REPORTS**



BOLD MOVE—
U.S. forces carve
out a beachhead
on the west coast
of Okinawa, 350
miles from the
Japanese
mainland.



LCI DATA SHEET

The LCI ("landing craft infantry"), was designed as a troop carrier with the capability of landing 200 troops directly on the beach. The LCI carried a standard crew of 24 enlisted men and four officers.

There were 912 LCIs built in the United States between 1942 and 1944, of which 220 were on loan to the United Kingdom, 30 were loaned to Russia and 662 were manned by U.S. Navy and Coast Guard personnel.

Three types of LCIs were built, all of which had an identical hull design. The first 350 were built with the square bridge or con type. Later, the upper structures were modified to the round con type. The latest model was equipped with a center troop ramp instead of standard port and starboard ramps.

The square con vessel was equipped with four 20mm anti-aircraft guns and the round con model was fitted with five 20mm anti-aircraft guns. Later, many LCIs of both models were converted from troop carriers to gun boats, rocket boats and mortar boats.

LCI Statistics:

- hull length: 158', hull width: 24', draft: 6'
- unloaded: 230 tons, loaded: 380 tons
- 8,000 mile range at standard speed (12 knots)
- fuel capacity: 110 tons of diesel oil, 5 tons of lube oil
- fresh water tanks held 37 tons of water
- approximately 35 tons of supplies, spare parts and ammunition was standard
- the LCI was powered by eight general motors diesels (two quads) with 1800 total horsepower supplying two reversible pitch propellers which controlled the speed and direction, forward or reverse of the craft
- two GM diesel generators provided electrical power
- fog or smoke generators used for blanketing other ships or beaches during landings or air attacks
- involved in all major invasions and thousands of minor engagements during World War II and the Korean conflict
- many damaged but repaired and returned to action but 34 were lost to enemy action and 12 to other causes

USS LCI NATIONAL ASSOC.
J. MCCARTHY CA STATE DIR
8016 LANGDON LANE
SPRING VALLEY, CA 91777
619-463 1962

S. F. Leaders Mol

Dilemma of a DP - a Drama Of Difficulties With A Happy S. F. Ending

By SALLY MIRLISS BLAKE

Though San Franciscans are occasionally aware of dockings, and of the passage through their port of the thousands of human beings known anonymously as DPs, the vast, complex and at times nightmarish machinery working behind the scenes in each individual case is a thing of mystery and even boredom.

Yet that machinery frequently bears the seeds of high drama and great human courage.

Such is the story of Bodo Zimmermann, a young seaman just 23-years-old when the complex network of immigration detail overtook—and almost—overwhelmed him.

Work in Shanghai

It all began in August, 1946 when young Bodo was hired as a seaman in Shanghai on the M. V. "Check Knot" by the Waterman Steamship Co. It was at a time when the U. S. Merchant Marine was short-handed, needed many seamen, and hired many in Shanghai

who were neither union members nor professionals.

Bodo docked in San Francisco later that month, and was immediately informed that the steamship company no longer could use his services on the return trip to Shanghai as he lacked proper seaman papers. Like the old song, things began going round and round. . . Bodo had no papers—and he couldn't get them because he was not a union member.

Tangle of Red Tape

Confused, bewildered, he contacted all the numerous organizations in the great tangle of red tape—the United States Coast Guard, The State Department, the United States Maritime Commission, the United States Immigration Service. Everywhere the answer was the same—he couldn't ship back to Shanghai as a seaman; he couldn't remain in the United States because he had no immigration visa.

The story was even more
(Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)

Final FEPC Vote To Be Taken On Monday

Final vote on a proposed FEPC ordinance for San Francisco will be taken by the Board of Supervisors next Monday.

This was determined last Monday when Supervisor Marvin E. Lewis, chief supporter of the measure, moved for reconsideration when it became apparent that the matter

UN Chief Acts On Anti-Semitism By Employees

LAKE SUCCESS, (JTA)—UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie this week struck out forcefully against an incident involving the practice of racial discrimination and anti-Semitism by several members of the UN executive staff.

Lie announced that he had or-

DP Is Victor In Long Fight To Enter U.S.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

complicated by the fact that Bodo had, before his departure, registered in Shanghai for permanent immigration to the United States, but the American Consul there had not yet started to issue immigration visas.

Appealed to HIAS

Finally, in desperation, Bodo contacted the local offices of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS), a beneficiary of the Jewish Welfare Fund, which in turn, brought HIAS, Washington, into the picture. Meanwhile, through an unfortunate coincidence, a deportation order was issued—but Bodo Zimmermann had already left San Francisco, voluntarily and at his own expense, on the "M. S. Vignes."

Never aware that a deportation order had been issued against him, and thus never aware that he needed the permission of the U. S. Attorney General to reenter the United States, Bodo once again arrived in this country as a regular quota immigrant in June, 1948. Eager to assimilate into the life of his adopted country, the former seaman quickly found work in a bakery in Carmel.

Arrested By U.S.

And then one morning, just three months later, Immigration authorities placed him under arrest: he had returned to the United States without the permission of the Attorney General, and was here contrary to the laws of this country.

Again there began the interminable hearings and procedures with the U. S. Immigration Service. HIAS, San Francisco and Washington, came to his assistance, as did the local Immigration offices, convinced that the boy was the victim of an unhappy chain of circumstances.

Almost a year later, the Central Office in Washington recommended that Bodo again be permitted to leave the United States voluntarily and that re-examination be authorized in his case. More than three years had passed since Bodo's initial trip to the U. S.—and, nearing the close of one of the most complex cases in local Immigration files, the youth was once again, heartbreakingly, stumped.

For, when he was given a physical examination by the government doctor, there arose a question as to his health. Six more weeks of tension and anxiety passed. But finally, the Public Health Service declared him to be 100 per cent physically well.

And on Nov. 15, 1949, Bodo Zimmermann returned from a one-day trip to Vancouver, British Columbia, as a permanent, legal immigrant to the United States.

In a letter to Herbert M. Picard, executive director of San Francisco HIAS, Bodo wrote:

"The other day I received my green registration card, which to me represents my passport to a happy and thankful future.

"As I recall the seriousness of the case, I realize that without your assistance and personal interest the result would have been different. I can easily see why you have won the admiration of so many people, as you have from me. I sincerely intend to work and study hard to be a credit to this country as you are.

"This past experience has enabled me to actually experience and appreciate the way in which a matter is presented and solved in a democracy. Also to realize that the Immigration officials through their understanding manner promote equality to each individual."

